

IMPACT



NO. 4
AUG.-SEPT.

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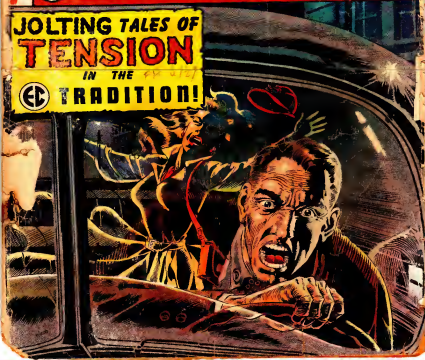
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES

JOLTING TALES OF
TENSION

IN THE



TRADITION!



SHOCK TALK

Good Lord! SHOCK No. 4 already! Well, actually, we're a little premature with this column (SHOCK No. 3 is just about to hit the stands, so we haven't as yet received a single letter concerning on it! We are especially interested in the reactions to our "off the beaten-path" story, THE GUILTY . . . but we're afraid you'll have to wait until next issue for the thoughts of your co-readers! (As we mentioned, this column is being written earlier than it would be normally . . . we're in the midst of our annual "spring speed-up," necessitated by our engraving shop taking a three week vacation on leave in July!)

Meanwhile, your letters and comments have continued to pour in re SHOCK No. 2! Within the last few months, we've received several letters complaining that we publish too many complimentary letters! As Greg Arlen of Atlanta, Georgia puts it: "O.K., fellows! I agree that E.C. magazines are the best . . . but let's stop spending off on those letter pages about how good they are! Stop printing letters that complement you!"

Well, we agree . . . and as a consequence, we've tried very hard to do just that in the run of our line! (See Min. Arline Grunden Philan's letter in Weird Fantasy No. 13 or Vault of Horror No. 23!) However, SHOCK being our new baby, and we bring like all good babies, we'd like to "spout off" just one more time! (See next issue for lighter letters!) So if'n ya don't like shock, skip the rest of this column (except for subscription info!) and shift your eyes right to SPLIT SECOND, Jack Kamen's lead-off Crime SuspenseStory. Following that, you will read Wally Wood's Shock SuspenseStory, CONFESSION. Next comes Joe Orlando's S-F SuspenseStory, STRICTLY BUSINESS . . . and Jack Davis winds up with the Horror SuspenseStory offering, UPPERCUT! (Scripts by Feldman . . . cover by Wood!)

Dear Editors,

Congrats! SHOCK SUSPENSESTORIES is the greatest thing since the alphabet!

Marie Rush—Greenland, Ohio

. . . Let me congratulate you guys for putting out the best I've read I've ever read!

Roger Robinson—Eva, Texas

. . . I have always felt, somehow, that E.C. mags are "personally mine" . . . that the public is awarded a share of them, somehow! My interest in them exceeds that of any other magazines of their type. SHOCK is a welcome addition!

Ruby MacDonald—Raleigh, N. C.

. . . SHOCK is the best mag I've ever read. I especially like the story, THE PATRIOTS. It well illustrates the shack of prejudice. Let's have more stories on racial and religious prejudice too.

John Gordon—Fenton, Mich

. . . E.C. mags are the best things to hit the newsstands in a long time. The Sealers have really got a charge out of them. Your latest brain-child, SHOCK, is terrific. It's great to know there's a comic publishing company left that appreciates its readers' intelligence. Why don't your readers give up? They've met their match!

R. C. Ford—2nd Amphibious Seabees, Little Creek, Va

They say that you can't tell a book by its cover! But the E.C. emblem on the cover of a coming book tells you that the book has GOT to be good! SHOCK SUSPENSESTORIES proves it!

John Lencicki—Burlington, Vt

And now, you slash-lovers (you bold!) can read up! When you've finished, sit down those suggestions, criticisms, queries, and compliments! (Don't worry! We'll print a few!) on a 2c post card! (Where? Inflation is here!) and send them along to us! Subscriptions . . . 75c for 6 issues . . . a full year's supply! The address for the whole man is:

The Editors
Shock SuspenseStories
Room 706, Dept. 4
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

The following is a complete list of titles published by



In the order of their publication.

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

WEIRD SCIENCE

CRIME SUSPENSESTORIES

FRONTLINE COMBAT

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

WEIRD FANTASY

THE VAULT OF HORROR

SHOCK SUSPENSESTORIES

TWO-FISTED TALES

YOU'LL BE JARRED BY THE IMPACT OF THE
STARTLING CLIMAX TO THIS YARN!

SPLIT SECOND!

A CRIME
SUSPENSE STORY



I FIRST MET STEVE DIXON IN THE SMALL
CANADIAN TOWN WHERE I WORKED. STEVE'D COME
DOWN FROM HIS CAMP FOR A BRIEF VACATION. I
WAS DIXON IN A CABARET AT THE TIME, AND
GETTIN' PRETTY SICK OF FIGHTING OFF DRUNKEN
LUMBERJACKS! SO WHEN STEVE ASKED ME TO
MARRY HIM...

I FOR THE
WHOLE SHOW, LIZ! I'M
BOSS! YOU'LL HAVE
EVERYTHING YOU WANT!
THERE ARE SUNDRIES
JUMP WHEN I SAY
SOMETHIN'!

ARE THERE
OTHER WIVES
AT THE
LOGGING CAMP,
STEVE?



NOPE! IT'S AGAINST THE RULES! WOMEN MEAN TROUBLE! I DON'T LIKE TROUBLE! NO...NO WOMEN! IT'S THE RULE!

THEN HOW COULD I?



I MAKE THE RULES! I CAN CHANGE 'EM! FROM NOW ON, NO WOMEN...CEPT MY WIFE!

WHAT ABOUT THE WOMEN, STEVE? WHO WILL THEY SAY?



JUS' LET ONE OF 'EM SAY A WORD! JUS' LET ONE OF 'EM LOOK AT YOU THE WRONG WAY! I'LL TEACH HIM THAT WHAT I SAY DOES!

OH, STEVE! YOU'RE SO...SO MASTERFUL!

MASTERFUL, MY RECK! STEVE WAS AN ANIMAL... A BIG LUMBERING BRUTE! HE RULED THE MEN WHO WORKED FOR HIM WITH GREEN MUSCULAR FORCE! AND I LOVED IT...

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS! NOW LISTEN T'ME! THIS IS MY WIFE! SHE'S GONNA LIVE HERE WIT' ME IN THE CAMP! HER NAME IS MRS. DIXON! GET IT?

HEY! I GOT A WIFE AT HOME! KIM I READ FOR HER?



GET THIS STRAIGHT, YOU LAME-BRAINED LOG-ROLLERS! I'M THE BOSS HERE, SEE? RULES DON'T APPLY TO ME! NO WOMEN! THAT'S THE RULES! NOW GET ON ABOUT YER WORK! AN' REMEMBER! THERE'S A LADY AMONGST US NOW! WATCH YER LANGUAGE!

SHE USED TO CHIRP IN THE SILVER DOLLAR SALOON! LADY! HAH!

WHEN THE JACK MADE THAT CHACK ABOUT ME, I THOUGHT STEVE'S FACE WOULD START SMOKING! IT GOT SO RED! HE FISHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE LOGGERS TO THE ONE WHO'D DROPPED THE BOMB...

I SAID MY WIFE IS A LADY! SHE GON'T LIKE TO BE INSULTED!

I... I WAS ONLY KIDDIN', STEVE! I...

STEVE LACED OUT WITH A BOURNEHOUSE THAT SMASHED INTO THE FUNNY GUY'S FACE! BLOOD STARTED GUSHIN' FROM HIS NOSE, AND HE CAVED IN LIKE HIS KNEES WERE MADE OF JELLY...



STEVE STOOD OVER HIM, GLARING AT THE REST OF THE LUMBERJACKS. ANYBODY ELSE WANT T'BE COMMINCED 'BOUT HOW I EXPECT MY WIFE T'BE TREATED?



OH-MAH, WE GET YOU, STEVE!

THE MAN MOVED OFF, CRUMBLIN'... AND THE GUY THAT STEVE HIT GOT TO HIS FEET AND STUMBLED AWAY NURDIN' HIS BLEEDIN' NOSE.

SEE, STEVE! YOU GOTTA SURE TREAT 'EM ROUGH! TREAT 'EM LIKE THAT! OTHERWISE, THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WIT' SOMETHIN'.



THE MEN WERE SURE I COULD TELL! THEY WERE MAD 'CAUSE STEVE BROUGHT ME TO THE CAMP.

I GOT A WIFE! WHY CAN'T I BRING HER IF HE'S GOT HIS HERE?

'CAUSE HE'S THE BOSS! HE'S EXTRA SPECIAL!



THEY TREATED ME LIKE TYPHOID MARY! THEY STEERED CLEAR, WHICH WAS GRAY WITH ME! I'D HAD ENOUGH OF THEIR KIND BACK IN TOWN.



HEY! HERE COMES MR. DIXON!

BREAK IT UP!

I REALLY GOT A TASTE OF LUMBERCAMP LIFE IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS! THE MORE I SAW OF IT, THE MORE I HATED IT! THEN... ONE DAY... A STRANGER BLEW INTO CAMP.



WHAT YUH WANT, KIDDO?

I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB! ANY OPENINGS?

HE WAS YOUNG... MAYBE NINETEEN... AND HANDSOME! AND HE WAS BUILT RIGHT! NOT LIKE STEVE. NOT SO BIG AND MUSCULAR! HE WAS LITHE... TRIM.



HUH YUH WID AN ARE?

YEP! WITH SWAGGER! ONE SINCE I GOTT SCHOOL!

STEVE POINTED TO A LOG NEARBY...

LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN CUT THROUGH THAT SECTION THERE!

SURE THING!



THE KID PICKED UP AN AXE AND STOOD ON THE LOG WITH HIS FEET SPREAD APART! HE GRINNED AT STEVE, AND HE SHOWED NICEL WHITE, EVEN TEETH...

JUST SAY THE WORD, AND I'LL BEGIN!

GO AHEAD! START!



THE AXE STARTED COM' UP AN' DOWN! I NEVER BEEN ANYBODY MOVE SO FAST! PRETTY SOON THE KID HAKED A WEDGE ALMOST HALF-WAY THROUGH ONE SIDE OF THE LOG...

HEY, FUZ! LOOKA THE KID!

WOW!



TWEN HE TURNED AROUND AND STARTED CHIPPIN' AWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE! PRETTY SOON THE LOG WAS CUT CLEAN THROUGH...

THERE? FIRST DASH... EAGERS?

HEHEHE! NOT BAD!

NOT BAD!



THE KID'S AXE-WORK HAD ATTRACTED SOME OF THE BOYS, AND THEY'D GATHERED AROUND TO WATCH.

HEY, THAT'S THE FASTEST CHIPPIN' I'VE BEEN IN A LONG TIME! WHAT'S YER NAME, KID?

TEF! EVER DONE ANY LOG-CHIPPIN' IN THE ANNUAL CONTESTS, TED?



I SHOT A LOOK AT STEVE, AND I COULD SEE HE WAS COMIN' TO A BOIL 'CAUSE THE JACKS WERE FUSSIN' OVER THE KID...

SHUCK!

HEY, FUZ! WITH MORGAN HERE IN THE CHIPPIN' AND YOU IN THE ROLLIN', WE COULD CAPTURE THE FOURNEY!

ALL RIGHT! CUT IT!



STEVE WAS REAL MAD! HE STARTED SCOUTIN'...

NOBODY TOLD YOU GUYS TO DIRT WORKIN'! THIS IS NO SHOW! GO ON! GET BACK TO YOUR TREES! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

THE MEN SHUFFLE OFF QUIETLY, AND STEVE TURNED TO THE BOYS...

IF YOU WANT A JUD, YER BUT IT! BUT GET THIS! THAT YOURNEY STUFF IS ON YOUR OWN TIME! ON MY TIME, YER BACK, FAY-WOOD... UNDERSTAND?

L. UNDERSTAND! AND THANKS! THANKS FOR THE JOB!



ED THE MORGAN KID CAME TO WORK FOR STEVE RIGHT OFF THE BAT. THE OLDER LUMBERJACKS TOOK A SHINE TO HIM...

YOU'RE CRAP, TED! WITH YOU IN THE LOG-DROPPIN' EVENT, WE'RE A GINCH TO WIN THIS YEAR!

SEE, FELLERS? I HOPE I DON'T LET YOU DOWN!

STEVE BEAT ON THE KID'S NECK THOUGH! I GUESS HE RESPECTED HIS YOUTH AND ABILITY...

CUT THE GAB AND GET TO WORK, YOD CRUMBS!

SURE THING, MR. DIXON!

AS FOR ME, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE KID, I WOULD'VE WALKED OUT ON STEVE LONG AGO! I WAS GETTIN' PRETTY SICK AND TIRED OF STEVE'S BULLYIN'...

HEY, MORGAN! I'VE HERE FOR A MINUTE!

OH? EVENIN', MR. DIXON! ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

MAYBE IT WAS THE WAY HE LOOKED? MAYBE IT WAS JUST HIS YOUTH? I DON'T KNOW! ANYWAY, I DECIDED THAT MORGAN WAS FOR ME...

TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF, TED! HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING A LUMBER-JACK?

IT'S OKAY, MA'AM! I LIKE IT FINE! 'CEPT 'CEPT FOR MR. DIXON!



I'M NOT HARD ON YOU, TED! NO REASON TO BE STAND-OFFISH WITH ME!

ER... I GOTTA BE GOIN' MA'AM! THE BOYS'RE WAITIN' ON ME! GOTTA PRACTICE FOR THE TOURNAMENT!



ONE THING, THOUGH! THE KID WAS DUMB! HE COULDN'T SEE THAT I WAS PLAYIN' UP TO HIM...

DID STEVE GOT YOU GOIN', TED? AN, DON'T MIND HIM! I DON'T!

AWW? ER... WELL... HE'S THE JOBS, MA'AM! IF ONLY HE WEREN'T SO HARD ON US GUYS!



YOU MIGHT SAY I LOST THE FIRST ROUND WITH THE MORGAN KID! AS HE SAUNTERED OFF, I MADE UP MY MIND...

I'LL GET YOU YET, KID! YOU'LL SEE!

NIGHT, MA'AM!





WHAT'S THE MATTER?
 AREN'T YOU
 INTERESTED ...
 EVEN A LITTLE?

LOOK, I AM NOT
GONNA GO AWAY
AND LEAVE YOU ALONE
YOU DON'T INTEREST
ME AT ALL

STEWART S. KAPLAN

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHAT TIME IS IT?
SOMEBODY TRIED TO
DRAFT ME

I'LL TEACH
YOU TO FOOL
AROUND WITH
MY WIFE, YOU
BUTT.

2007 I CAN
REPLAN

STEVE DANTY TOLD
RIP HIM

1000

HE'LL JUST OPEN THE
DOOR'S DOOR IF HE
HITS HIM AGAIN?

THE LIGHTS? FORM
ON THE LIGHTS?
I CAN'T SEE.

IT'S ABOUT
SUSTAINABILITY

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

THE CAMP WAS ABNORMALLY QUIET FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS! I STERES CLEAR OF THE MEN... ESPECIALLY THE KID! STEVE'S BLINDED HIM... PERMANENTLY...

SEE, FELLERS? I LET YOU DOWN! I GUESS THE FOURNEY'S LOST NOW!

DON'T WORRY, STEVE! YOU'LL BE DEAD! YOU'LL DO IT! WE'LL TEACH YOU!



IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED! FUEE AND THE OTHER JACKS STARTED TO TEACH THE KID TO SHOP LOSS... EVEN THOUGH HE WAS BLIND...



THAT'S IT, KID! KEEP THEM STOKED CLEAN, KID!

THEY KEPT AT IT FOR WEEKS... RIGHT UP TO THE TOURNAMENT DATE... PRACTICING THE KID FENCE I SNEAKED OVER TO WATCH! HE WAS PRETTY BAD...



ATTA BOY, KID!

FERRIFIS KID!

THEY'RE JUST MAKIN' HIM FEEL GOOD!

ACTUALLY, THE KID'S AIM WAS POOR! HE COULDN'T MAKE A GREAT WEDGE! HIS CUT WAS SLOPPY... AND HE WAS SLOW! ON THE EVE OF THE TOURNEY...

DAY, MR. DIXON! MRS. DIXON! O'WON! MORGAN'S READY FOR HIS LAST PRACTICE SESSION!

SO WHAT? YOU WRA... I'M NOT RE, DIXON! INTERESTED? O'WON!



STEVE DIDN'T DARE OBJECT WITH THE KNIFE- BLADE PRESSING AGAINST HIS NECK! THAT'S ONE THING MUSCLES CAN'T BEAT... COLD STEEL! HE WENT QUIETLY! I WENT TOO!

GRAY! I'M BOTH UP! AND FOR EM, TOO! - BAW EM GOOD!

WHAT THE? STEVE! WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO DO?



I SOON FOUND OUT WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO! LOOK! YES... THE KID IS ON THAT LOG! HE'S PRACTICING FOR THE EVENT HE THINKS HE'S ENTERED IN! HE'S ALMOST OUT THROUGH THE LOG NOW! THE TROUBLE IS, THE LOG IS HOLLOW... AND STEVE IS INSIDE! THEO AND BAGGED...



ATTA BOY, TED!

JUST A LITTLE MORE, KID!

YOU'LL BE GREAT, TOMORROW!



...AND I'M NEXT!

HERE'S A GRIPPING TALE OF TENSION WITH
AN ELECTRIFYING FINAL TWIST!

CONFESSION

IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT WHEN ARTHUR KEENAN SWUNG HIS GREY SEDAN INTO THE DESERTED STREET! THE BEAM FROM THE SINGLE HEADLIGHT CUT THROUGH THE DARKNESS ILLUMINATING THE ROAD AHEAD! ARTHUR STRAINED HIS EYES AND CURSED...

BLASTED BUSTED HEADLIGHT!
SO BETTER HAVE IT FIXED FIRST
THING IN THE MORNING! CAN'T
SEE A THING THIS WAY!

**A SHOCK
SUSPENSE STORY**



SUDDENLY THE LONE HEADLIGHT BEAM FELL UPON SOMETHING LYING ON THE COBBLESTONES AHEAD OF ARTHUR'S SLOWLY-MOVING CAR! ARTHUR GASPED...



ARTHUR SLAMMED ON THE BRAKES AND HIS CAR SCOOLED TO A STOP! THE FIGURE IN THE HEADLIGHT BEAM LAY MOTIONLESS IN A POOL OF BLOOD! ARTHUR LEAPED FROM THE CAR AND RUSHED TO THE PROSTRATE WOMAN'S SIDE...



ARTHUR LOOKED AROUND, FRANTICALLY! THE DARK
FACES OF THE BUILDINGS LOOMED UP ABOUT HIM!
THIS WAS A FACTORY SECTION! THERE WERE NO
LIGHTS... NO PHONES AVAILABLE AT THIS HOUR!
ARTHUR DARTED BACK TO HIS CAR.



MUSTN'T MOVE HER! HAVE
TO GET TO A PHONE! HAVE TO
CALL AN AMBULANCE! SHE'S
DYING!

ARTHUR BACKED HIS CAR UP SUDDENLY! THE GEARS
COUGHED A PROTEST AS HE MESSED THEM INTO FIRST
AND SPED OFF DOWN THE DARK STREET! AT THAT
MOMENT A POLICE PATROL CAR TURNED THE CORNER
BEHIND HIM...



LOOK, FLAGG!
THERE'S SOMEONE
LYIN' IN THE
BUTTER!

AND THAT
CAR'S NIGHTBLIN'
IT OUT OF THERE!
LET'S GO!

THE PATROL CAR SURGED FOR-
WARD, SKIDDING TO A STOP BEHIND
THE INJURED WOMAN...



SHE'S BEEN HIT
BY A CAR!

SEE WHAT
YOU CAN DO,
FLAGG! I'M
GOIN' AFTER
THAT LOUZY
HIT-AND-RUN

THE POLICE OFFICER NAMED
FLAGG LEAPED FROM THE SQUAD
CAR...! GRAY, FILEY! DON'T
WORRY!



RADIO IN FOR AN
AMBULANCE! I'LL
WAIT HERE!... AND
SET 'EM!

THE SQUAD CAR ROARED OFF IN
PURSUIT AS THE OFFICER REMAIN-
ING STOOD OVER THE CRUMPLED
FORM...



AN AMBULANCE
WON'T DO THIS GAL
ANY GOOD! SHE'S
DEAD!

MEANWHILE, ARTHUR KEENAN SPED THROUGH THE
DESERTED FACTORY SECTION, LOOKING FOR AN OPEN
DINER... A POLICE CALL-BOX... ANYTHING THAT
MIGHT HELP HIM SUMMON AID FOR THE INJURED
WOMAN HE'D JUST LEFT BEHIND HIM, THE SQUAD
CAR FLASHED AFTER HIM... ITS SIREN SCREAMING...



MUST FIND A PHONE! MUST...
WHY THAT'S THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE A...

THE SQUAD CAR DREW UP ALONGSIDE, FORCING
ARTHUR TO THE CURB! THE SIRENS OF SQUADS AND
THE DYING WHINE OF THE SIREN ECHOED OFF THE
EMPTY LOFT BUILDINGS...



OFFICER! THERE'S A
WOMAN! BACK THERE!
SHE...

GRAY, BUDDY! COME
OUT OF THERE WITH
YOUR HANDS UP! UP
HIGH! AND NO POINT
BUSINESS!

THE PRISON STATION BUZZED WITH EXCITEMENT! ARTHUR KEENAN STOOD BEFORE THE DEER SERGEANT... HIS HAIR MUSSED... HIS CLOTHES DISHEVELED! HE WAS FLANKED BY THE TWO RADIO CAR OFFICERS WHO'D ARRESTED HIM! A DETECTIVE SHOUTED AT A SWITCH-BEING OPERATOR! OTHERS STOOD ABOUT, GLARING!



WHAT'S YOUR NAME, PUNK?

KEENAN! ARTHUR KEENAN! BUT YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG...

SHUT UP, YOU MURDERING RAT!

TRY AND LOCATE LIEUTENANT STALEY, CHARLIE! TELL 'IM WE JUST PICKED UP A HIT - AND - RUN! THE WOMAN HE HIT IS DEAD!

YES, SIR!

ARTHUR BEGAN TO SOB! ONE OF THE DETECTIVES, SHOOKED AT HIM.

YOU MADE A BIG MISTAKE THIN! 'R' AWAY, KEENAN! A BIG MISTAKE!

I DIDN'T DO IT. I TELL YOU! I WAS GOING FOR...



DON HEAR THAT, BECKER? THE W-ND SAYS HE DIDN'T DO IT!

TELL 'IM WE GOT WAPS TO MAKE SLIDS LIKE HIM CONFESS, MASON!



WHY DON'T YOU SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF OVERKEENAN! ADMIT IT!

I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU! I WAS AR- HE JUST GOT HOME!

HERE'S THE LIEU- TENANT, SIR! HE JUST GOT HOME!

KILLED, ENY GOT A SON- FESSION?



WOT HET LIEUTENANT! THE CHIEF DENIES IT! WE'RE GONNA WORK 'IM OVER NOW! THOUGHT YOU WIGHT LIKE TO BIT IN!



I'LL BE DOWN AS SOON AS MY WIFE GETS IN, MASON! SHE WENT TO A SHOW! 'OUGHT TO BE BACK SOON!

ALL RIGHT, DETECTIVE BECKER! HE'S ALL YOURS!

O'MOM, KEENAN! YOU, ME, AND MASON'RE GONNA HAVE A NICE LIL' CHAT!

BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! I TELL YOU!

O'WOM, LIEU- TENANT! I GOTTA GO NOW! SEE YOU LATER!



THE ROOM WAS DARK, EXCEPT FOR ONE BRILLIANT LIGHT THAT HUNG ABOVE THEM! ARTHUR SHOOK HIS HEAD AS THEY FIRED QUESTIONS AT HIM.

THEY FOUND GLASS ALL AROUND THE BODY, KEENAN! YOUR CAR'S GOT A BUSTED HEADLIGHT? YOU STILL DENY IT?

I SWEAR THAT HEAD-LIGHT LAST WEEK! PLEASE! LET ME SIT DOWN! I'M TIRED!

YOU'LL STAND, YOU M'FUCKER! WHEN YOU DECIDE TO ADMIT IT, YOU CAN SIT DOWN!

I DIDN'T DO IT! I DIDN'T! HOW MUCH DID YOU HAVE TO DRINK, KEENAN? YOU STINK FROM IT!

I HAD TWO! ONLY TWO! I WAS AT A PARTY TONIGHT! YOU CAN ASK THEM! I ONLY HAD TWO SMALL DRINKS!

YOU WERE DRUNK, WEREN'T YOU, KEENAN? YOU COULDN'T STOP IN TIME! AFTER YOU HIT HER, YOU GOT SOBER! YOU RAN!

NO! NO! SHE WAS THERE WHEN I DROVE UP! I WAS GOING FOR HELP! I... OWWWWW!

SHUT UP! YOU'RE LYING! LIES! PUNK! DON'T TRY TO WORM YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS! WE'LL MAKE YOU ADMIT IT!

I'M TELLING... FOR THE TRUTH!

YOU'RE LYING! YOU WERE DRUNK! YOU HIT HER SO HARD, YOU SMASHED YOUR HEADLIGHT!

GET FINE, KEENAN! SAVE YOURSELF SOME PAIN! LEAVE US THE TROUBLE OF GETTING IT OUT OF YOUR ADMIT IT!

I DIDN'T DO IT! SHE WAS THERE WHEN I... OWWWWW!

YOU LYIN' SON-OF-A-BITCH! I'LL MAKE YOU TALK!

MY ARM! YOU'RE BREAKING IT! OWWWWW!

TALK, KEENAN! TALK!

WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THAT BODENW... OWWWWW!

LIEUTENANT!



I JUST SEEN 'ER!
I JUST SEEN THE
WOMAN HE KILLED!

IT'S MY WIFE!
MY WIFE!

WHO?
WHO?

SHE... SHE DIDN'T
COME HOME? I
I GOT WORRIED!
I CAME DOWN
ON A HUNCH!

G'JA HEAR
THAT,
KEENAN? G'JA
HEAR WHO
YOU KILLED?



THE LIEUTENANT'S
WIFE, KEENAN!
KILLIN' A COP'S
WIFE IS AS BAD
AS KILLIN' A
COP!

KNOW WHAT
WE GO TO
COP-KILLERS,
KEENAN?

DOO... DOO...
DOO... DOO...



YOU BETTER
TALK,
KEENAN!

I DIDN'T
DO IT!



LIAR!
LIAR!

COP-
KILLER!



THEY HIT HIM! THEY TWISTED HIS
ARMS! THEY MADE HIM STAND
ERECT WHEN HE COULD BARELY
STAY ON HIS FEET! AND ALL THE
WHILE THE LIEUTENANT SAT
THERE WATCHING... WAITING...

TALK,
BLAST
YOU!

WONT
IT,
KEENAN?

SOR-
SOR... I, SOR
DIDN'T...
SOR...
DO IT!

IT WENT ON LIKE THAT FOR HOURS! HIS CLOTHES
WERE TORN... HIS NOSE BLEEDING... HIS FACE BATTERED
AND BRUISED! OTHER DETECTIVES TOOK OVER! THEY
WORKED IN SHIFTS... PUNNELING... THREATENING...
CURSING! THE LIEUTENANT JUST SAT... WAITING...



STAND UP, YOU
WHIFFERS!

YOU KILLED HER,
KEENAN! ADMIT
IT!

NO!
NO!
NO!



NIGHT PASSED AND DAWN CAME! INSIDE THE PRE-
DICT, THEIR WORK WENT ON! THE PUNISHMENT
CONTINUED...

LIEUTENANT! CAN I
SEE YOU A MOMENT?

SURE, DOYLE! KEEP IT
SHORT, YOU GUYS! MAKE
'EM TALK!

OUTSIDE THE LITTLE ROOM WITH THE SINGLE OVERHEAD LIGHT, THE DETECTIVE NAMED DOYLE WHISPERED TO THE LIEUTENANT...

GOT THIS LAP REPORT, SAYS NO BLOOD ON THE CAR! DENTS ARE OLD. MAYBE A WEEK! GLASS FRAGMENTS ARE FROM HEADLIGHTS OF A STANDARD MANUFACTURER!

SO WHAT, DOYLE?

MAYBE HE DIDN'T DO IT, SIRS! MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO TAKE IT EASY WITH HIM?

HE KILLED MY WIFE, DOYLE! HE'S GONNA ADMIT IT!

HE COULD BE TELLING THE TRUTH, LIEUTENANT! ALL WE'VE GOT IS HIS BUSTED HEAD-LIGHT AS EVIDENCE! MAYBE HIS STORY IS TRUE! MAYBE HE DID BUST IT LAST WEEK WHEN HE HIT THAT FENCE!

TOO MUCH OF A CONCOUNSEL, DOYLE! THE BOYS'LL MAKE HIM TALK! YOU'LL SEE!



SURE THEY'LL MAKE HIM TALK! THEY COULD MAKE ANYBODY TALK! THEY'VE BEEN GRILLING HIM FOR TEN HOURS NOW!

IF I WANT YOUR ADVICE, I'LL ASK FOR IT, DOYLE! WATCH WHAT YOU SAY OR YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF 'POUNDED' AN EAST-SIDE BEAT AGAIN!



THE LIEUTENANT WENT BACK INTO THE DARK ROOM WITH THE LIGHT! THE GRILLING CONTINUED...

N-NO! P-PLEASE! DON'T HIT ME WITH THAT LEAD PIPE... SOB... SOB...

THEN ADMIT YOU KILLED HER, YOU SUNK SLO' TALK!



WIT-I-I DIDN'T DO IT! WON'T YOU PLEASE BELIEVE ME... SOB... SOB...

HE'S STUBBORN, LIEUTENANT!

HERE! DYMME THAT PIPE! LET ME CONVINCE HIM!



OUTSIDE THE GRILLING-ROOM, DETECTIVE DOYLE WHISPERED AS THE LEAD PIPE RELL AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND THE SUSPECT'S CRIES OF PAIN DRAFTED THROUGH THE THICK DOOR...

TALK... UHM... YOU UHM... MURDERIN' UHM... RAT! TALK UHM... BLAST... UHM JOU!

YAAA-AA YAAA-EEEEE!



ARTHUR KERRAN LAY SPRAWLED ON HIS STOMACH, BLOOD TRICKLING FROM HIS TOOTHLESS MOUTH! ONE EYE WAS COMPLETELY CLOSED! THE BONES IN HIS NOSE WERE SPLINTERED! HIS SCALP HAD BEEN OPENED... HIS HAIR WAS MATTED WITH STICKY GOOP! HE GORGED...



LIEUTENANT STALEY WENT OUT OF THE STATION INTO THE WARM AFTERNOON AIR! HE STOPPED ON THE STEPS TO LIGHT A CIGAR...



UPON REACHING HIS HOUSE, THE LIEUTENANT WENT DIRECTLY TO HIS GARAGE...



THEN HE STARTED FOR HOME! ON THE WAY, HE STOPPED OFF AT A STORE...



WHERE HE UNWRAPPED THE NEW HEADLIGHT HE'D PURCHASED.



OUTSIDE THE DARK ROOM, DETECTIVE DOYLE LOOKED QUESTIONINGLY AT LIEUTENANT STALEY AS HE ENTERED.



WHEN HE CAME OUT, HE CARRIED A PACKAGE...



AND, AFTER CLEANING HIS WIFE'S BLOOD FROM HIS CAR, KERRAN REMOVED THE BROKEN HEADLIGHT IN ORDER TO REPLACE IT...



SCIENCE FICTION FANS!

FOR THE BEST IN THE NEW SCIENCE-FANTASY FIELD...FOR A MAGAZINE JAMPACKED WITH ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, AND EERIE ADVENTURES INTO THE FANTASTIC...FOR SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSE STORIES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST, READ...



ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
SURE-FIRE WINNER!



ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!


LAST RIDE!

Cautiously he squirmed past the tiny emergency door, hearing his breath echo explosively through the shaft. Rising to his feet, he wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and looked up to the elevator car poised far overhead. The hint of a grin crossed the corners of his mouth: it was all going to work out perfectly. Within 5 minutes the elevator would ascend to the Penthouse and, when it started down, it would be bringing his wife on her last ride!

He slipped a pair of heavy steel nippers from his pocket and slowly fastened the bulky instrument around the control-cable which governed the elevator's movement. The metal threads which were twisted together to make up the thick cable began to separate under the pressure of his straining hand. He felt his stomach knotting with the effort necessary to cut through the tough metal...in about 2 minutes the severed edges showed that only a single thread in the center of the cable remained uncut. It was strong enough to get the car up to the Penthouse when his wife signalled for it...enough to start her toward the meeting he had previously arranged by telephone. Her meeting with DEATH!

His preparations were complete. Crouching down in the shaft, he kept his eye on the control panel which indicated the elevator's whereabouts. All he had to do was wait now...and go over in his mind the path which had led to this impending triumph. For it would be a triumph: his wife's death would free him from the fear of divorce...a separation which was designed to cut him off from her fortune!

This idea of his was the solution to all his worries; so simple yet ingenious a scheme that



SALVATION!

With a shudder of fear, as he crouched low in the wobbling freight car, Bancroft heard the sound of heavy footsteps reverberating across the rooftops. . . a railroad dick was making his inspection of the moving train! He was trapped, Bancroft realized. . . with the evidence of his crime right on his own back! Robbing that stalled motorist back on the highway had been easy enough, but hopping the freight . . . which seemed such a wonderful idea at the time . . . was going to lead to his capture! For the tweed jacket and flannel pants he was wearing stuck out on him like a sore thumb. The dude wore too fancy for someone who hopped rides on freights, the detective would undoubtedly think the clothing mighty fishy and hold him for the state police. And the guy Bancroft had robbed . . . though he had been knocked unconscious before he had a chance to see his assailant . . . could easily identify those clothes! His jacket and pants, Bancroft realized, were enough to convict him!

The footsteps were closer now. To jump off . . . with a drop of 200 feet on either side of the tracks . . . was suicide! And to be picked up by the dick meant positive identification through the stuff he was wearing. *Some choice* Bancroft muttered. *Immediate death or ten years in the state pen!*

A sudden movement across the freight car caught his eye. Someone was crouching there . . . a guy Bancroft hadn't seen as he climbed aboard when the train had slowed down for water-pickup. Across the railing car the men gazed suspiciously at one another, and in that instant Bancroft knew that his salvation was at hand! The other guy was much smaller, and Bancroft had little trouble wrenching him to

the floor and knocking him unconscious with a piece of loose planking. It was the work of a moment to rip the guy's rotted and grimy clothing from his body and change costumes with the unconscious tramp. The dick's footsteps were only 3 cars away when Bancroft pushed his victim through the open freight door. The tweed jacket and flannel pants rolled clear of the speeding train . . . in an instant they were gone from sight, along with the hum who was going to save Bancroft from arrest. *Let 'em pick me up now*, Bancroft thought as he fingered the clothing which felt so clammy and wet under his touch. *I'm ready!*

The detective was in the car now, moving menacingly toward Bancroft, who got up sheepishly to meet the man. All that could happen was that he'd be thrown off the train at the next slow-down! But the dick had stopped abruptly and was staring incredulously at Bancroft. Then, in one movement, he had pulled a gun from his jacket and was yanking on the emergency cord.

His gun leveled at Bancroft's chest, the beefy detective spoke: "The Law'll be happy to collar YOU," he rasped. "After what you pulled, you shoulda had the brains to get rid of them duds!"

Instinctively, Bancroft looked down at his clothing: the clamminess he had experienced was due to the fact that the soiled and matted material was covered with still slick blood!

"*They've got you cold,*" the dick was saying as the train jerked to a stop. "Examination of the blood on your shirt'll be enough to hang you for that murder over in Kent just an hour ago!"

THIS SCIENCE-FICTION STORY WITH ITS
SURPRISE ENDING SHOULD STARTLE YOU!

STRICTLY BUSINESS!



A SCIENCE-FICTION SUSPENSORY

THE VACUUM-LIFT SPED UPWARD CARRYING DIANNE MASTERS TO THE TWO-HUNDRETH LEVEL IN A MATTER OF SECONDS! THE LIFT'S DOORS SLID OPEN NOISELESSLY AND DIANNE STEPPED OUT ONTO THE SUN-LIT, PLUSH-CARPETED TERRACE! SHE MOVED DOWN THE CORRIDOR BETWEEN THE GLASS WALL AND THE LINE OF APARTMENT DOORS...

BEHIND DIANNE, THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY CITY BEAMED IN THE MORNING SUNLIGHT! SHE RAISED A NERVOUS FINGER AND PRESSED THE BELL-BUTTON! INSIDE A HELODIC CHIME RESOUNDED, AND FOOT-STEPS APPROACHED! THE DOOR TO 200-B SLID OPEN AND A TALL, DARK-EYED, HANDSOME MAN SMILED AT HER...

YES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
MY NAME IS DIANNE MASTERS! I'M HERE ABOUT THE ADVERTISEMENT YOU PUBLISHED IN THE MORNING TELE-PAPER...





THE STRANGER NODDED AND STEPPED BACK...

AM? YES? COME IN!

THANK YOU!

DIANNE ENTERED THE APARTMENT! SHE GLANCED ABOUT AT THE EXQUISITE FURNISHINGS...

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE, MISS MASTERS?

OH, YES! IT'S VERY NICE, MR. MR.

CRAVEN. ALREADY CRAVEN! SIT DOWN, MISS MASTERS!

YOU'D BETTER TELL ME ABOUT YOUR OFFER, MR. CRAVEN!



MY OFFER IS VERY SIMPLE, MISS MASTERS! I NEED A WIFE! IN RETURN, I CAN SUPPLY MY PROSPECTIVE WIFE WITH ALL OF THE LUXURIES OUR SOCIETY AFFORDS!

A WIFE? BUT THE AD SAID THIS WAS A BUSINESS OFFER!

IT'S, MISS MASTERS! AS YOU SEE, I HAVE ALL THE WEALTH I NEED TO LIVE COMFORTABLY! HOWEVER, IT IS NECESSARY FOR ME, AS PART OF MY WORK, TO ASSUME AN AIR OF RESPECTABILITY! OUR MARRIAGE WOULD BE JUST THAT... A BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT!

NOW... HOW LONG WOULD THIS... THIS ARRANGEMENT LAST, MR. CRAVEN?



THE USUAL THREE-YEAR MARRIAGE-CONTRACT PERIOD, MISS MASTERS! AT THAT TIME WE'LL NEGOTIATE TO RENEW! AND THE AUTOMATIC DIVORCE WILL BE INVOKED!

I SEE! AND THE TERMS?

STRICTLY BUSINESS, MISS MASTERS! WE WILL OCCUPY SEPARATE ROOMS! WE WILL GO AND COME AS WE PLEASE! IT WILL BE A MARRIAGE IN NAME ONLY! YOUR SALARY WILL BE HIGH... VERY HIGH!

BEFORE I GIVE MY ANSWER, MR. CRAVEN, I'D LIKE TO KNOW JUST WHAT YOU FIND THAT YOU MUST BE MARRIED!



MR. CRAVEN'S FACE DARKENED.
HE LOOKED AT DIANNE STERNLY...

AS I SAID, MISS MASTERS, YOU
THIS WILL BE A BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT!
MY REASONS ARE MY OWN
BUSINESS! I EXPECT
YOU TO MIND YOURS!
UNDERSTAND?



I'M SORRY, MISS
MASTERS! I JUST
DON'T LOVE
PEOPLE THAT
PAY!



DO YOU
MIND IF
I ASK HOW
MUCH YOU'RE
PAYING FOR
THIS... THIS
BUSINESS
DEAL?

**\$10,000 PER
YEAR! THAT'S
\$30,000 FOR
THE THREE
YEAR PERIOD!**



THAT... THAT'S
A LOT OF
MONEY, MR.
CRAVEN!...
I ACCEPT
YOUR OFFER!

BY THAT YEAR IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY,
MARRIAGE LAWS HAD CHANGED CONSIDERABLY! THE
MARRIAGE LICENSE HAD BECOME LIKE THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY AUTOMOBILE LICENSE! IT HAD TO BE RENEWED!
COUPLES WHO HAD NO DESIRE TO REMAIN MARRIED HAD
ONLY TO LET THEIR MARRIAGE EXPIRE! THE DIVORCE
COURT HAD VANISHED! THE HAPPILY MARRIED
MERELY RENEWED THEIR LICENSE... THEREBY RENEW-
ING, ALSO, THEIR DEVOTION...

AND SO, DIANNE MASTERS BECAME MRS. ALEO
CRAVEN FOR A THREE YEAR PERIOD...

THIS WILL BE YOUR ROOM,
DIANNE! YOU'LL FIND EVERY-
THING YOU NEED IN THE
CLOSETTS AND DRAWERS.

IT'S... IT'S
LOVELY, ALEO!



"TEN HERE PLEASE,
MISS MASTERS!"

YES, SIR!



ALEO DREW HIS WALLET FROM HIS POCKET...

HERE'S YOUR FIRST YEAR'S SALARY
IN ADVANCE, DIANNE! TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS! I HOPE
OUR ARRANGEMENT WILL BE
SATISFACTORY TO BOTH
OF US!

AREN'T YOU
AFRAID I'LL
RUN AWAY
WITH THE MONEY,
ALEO?



I'D BE GETTING OFF CHEAP,
DIANNE! REMEMBER! YOU'RE
MARRIED TO ME FOR THE NEXT
THREE YEARS WHETHER YOU
STICK AROUND OR NOT! FOR
MY PURPOSES, THAT'S
GOOD ENOUGH!

I WAS ONLY
JOKING, ALEO!
I DON'T
RELISH ON
BUSINESS
DEALS! YOU
CAN TRUST
ME!



ALDO BID DIANNE GOOD-NIGHT AND CROSSED THE APARTMENT TO HIS OWN ROOM! DIANNE HESITATED, THEN LOOKED HER BEDROOM DOOR...

JUST TO MAKE SURE IT STAYS STRICTLY BUSINESS...MR. GRAVEN!



THEN DIANNE WENT TO THE HUGE NARROWED CLOSET AND SLID THE DOORS OPEN! INSIDE HUNDREDS OF DRESSES AND SUITS HUNG NEATLY! DOZENS OF PAIRS OF SHOES LINED THE FLOOR-RACKS...

GASP! A WARDROBE! A COMPLETE... WONDERFUL WARDROBE...



NEXT SHE FLUNG OPEN THE DRESSING TABLE DRAWERS...

JEWELRY! DIAMONDS! RUBIES! EMERALDS! I...I...



DIANNE COULDN'T BELIEVE HER EYES...

MAKE-UP! PERFUMES! EVERYTHING A WOMAN COULD WANT!



IT WAS, INDEED, A VERY SATISFACTORY BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT FOR DIANNE! AND SO, ON HER WEDDING NIGHT...ADORNED WITH JEWELRY, ANOINTED WITH EXPENSIVE PERFUMES, WEARING AN EXPENSIVE GOWN... DIANNE CRAWLED INTO HER HIRE LAVISHLY UPHOLSTERED BED... ALONE, BUT HAPPY...

SIGH!



IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, DIANNE TOOK TO HER NEW 'JOB' FEVERISHLY! ALDO WAS VERY PLEASED! OFTEN, AT NIGHT, HE WOULD ENTERTAIN! DIANNE PLAYED THE PERFECT HOSTESS...

YOU HAVE A CHARMING WIFE, GRAVEN!

THANK YOU, SENATOR!



ALDO WAS VERY SWEET TO DIANNE! THEIR RELATIONSHIP GREW WARMER AND WARMER...

YOU WERE EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING TONIGHT, DIANNE!

THANK YOU, ALDO! I'M GLAD I PLEADED YOU!



BY THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR, DIANNE BEGAN TO WISH THAT HER MARRIAGE TO ALEC WAS... WELL... LESS BUSINESS-LIKE! BUT ALEC REMAINED SOLID.

WHAT DID YOU SAY, DEARY? I'M SORRY! I WAS READING!

I SAID I DIDN'T LOSE MY BEDROOM DOOR LAST NIGHT, ALEC!

OH? WELL, DON'T WORRY! YOU CAN TAKE ME! I SEE IT'S TIME TO GO! SEE YOU TOMORROW, DIANNE!

"BYE, ALEC!"

SOS... SOS... SOS...

YES, DIANNE WAS UNHAPPY! SHE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER HUSBAND! AT FIRST IT HAD BEEN GRAND! CLOTHES... JEWELS... EVERYTHING A WOMAN COULD WANT! EVERYTHING, THAT IS, EXCEPT ALEC... THE ONE THING DIANNE WANTED...

GOOD-NIGHT, DIANNE! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!

ALEC? I... I... COME HERE & MOMENT, PLEASE!

YES, DIANNE? WHAT IS IT?

ALEC! WE... WE'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS NOW! DON'T YOU THINK THAT IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU... YOU... KISSED ME?

I BOW YOUR PARDON, DIANNE! YOU'RE FORGETTING... THIS IS A BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT, STRICTLY BUSINESS!

ALEC! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU?

LOOK HERE, DIANNE! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO FORGET TWO FOOLISHNESS! LOVE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION! WE MUST KEEP THIS RELATIONSHIP ON A FRIENDLY BUSINESS BASIS... NOTHING MORE!

ALEC DRAWN? I HATE YOU!

AS THE END OF THE THIRD YEAR DREW NEAR, DIANNE REALIZED THAT WITH IT CAME THE END OF THEIR MARRIAGE CONTRACT! SHE APPROACHED ALEC ONE NIGHT...

WE... OUR CONTRACT RUNS OUT IN THREE WEEKS, ALEC!

I KNOW, DEAR!



YOU'RE... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WANT TO RENEW IT?

I'M AFRAID NOT, DEAR!



BUT ALEC! I LOVE YOU! DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU? I KNOW YOU COULD LEARN TO LOVE ME... IN TIME!

SORRY, DIANNE!



ALEC! YOU KNOW THAT A MARRIAGE CONTRACT AUTOMATICALLY RENEWS ITSELF IF THE WIFE IS EXPECTING A CHILD... DON'T YOU?

YES, DEAR! I KNOW!



ALEC! I'M EXPECTING A CHILD! OH... I KNOW YOU'LL DENY IT... BUT THEY'LL BELIEVE ME! NO MAN AND WOMAN COULD LIVE TOGETHER FOR THREE YEARS...

BUT YOU'RE MIS-TAKEN, DIANNE! WE COULD!



YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHY I NEEDED A WIFE? I'LL TELL YOU... NOW THAT OUR WORK IS COMPLETED! I BELONG TO A SPECIAL GROUP DEALING WITH THE SCIENCE OF CYBERNETICS! OUR WORK HAS BEEN SECRET! WE HAD TO APPEAR AS ORDINARY PEOPLE! YOU NOTICED THAT ALL OF MY ASSOCIATES THAT I'VE ENTERTAINED ARE MARRIED! WE COULDN'T AFFORD TO APPEAR SUSPICIOUS! IN THREE WEEKS, WE TAKE OVER... THERE ARE ENOUGH OF US NOW!



CYBERNETICS? BUT THAT... THAT...

YES, MY DEAR! THE SCIENCE OF MECHANICAL-ELECTRONIC LIFE! LOOK! SEE? YOU COULDN'T BE EXPECTING A CHILD... NOW, COULD YOU? NOT VERY WELL, WHEN YOUR HUSBAND IS A ROBOT!



BRACE YOURSELVES FOR THE SHOCKING
WIND-UP TO THIS JOLTING TALE!

UPPERCUT!



**A HORROR
SUSPENSE STORY**

YOUR NAME IS JOE WILEY? YOU'RE IN THE FIGHT RACKET... BEEN IN IT FOR YEARS? YOU'VE HAD LOTS OF BOYS, GOOD AND BAD? YOU'VE SEEN 'EM COME AND GO? IN FACT, JOE WILEY... RIGHT NOW YOU'RE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A NEW FIGHTER...

I NEED THE BROWN, MR. WILEY? I'M TRYIN' T'PUT MY KID BROTHER THROUGH MED SCHOOL!

DEAR, DION? GET INTO SOME TRUNKS AND GO A ROUND OR TWO! I WANNA SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE!



YOU TAKE 'EM WHEN THEY'RE GREEN, DON'T YOU, JOE WILEY? YOU TAKE 'EM YOUNG, AND YOU DRIVE 'EM... DRIVE 'EM TILL THEY'RE PUNCH-DRUNK AND SLOW! AND THEN AFTER YOU'VE MADE ALL YOU CAN ON 'EM, YOU DUMP 'EM AND LOOK FOR A NEW BOY!

HEY, FODD? GIVE THIS YOUNG GUY A WORKOUT! I WANNA SEE IF HE'S GOT ANY STUFF!

SURE THING, MR. WILEY? O'MON, FUD!



SO NOW YOU'RE WATCHING THE LATEST OF YOUR LONG LINE OF CRUMPS BEAT HIS BRAINS OUT... TRYING TO IMPRESS YOU...

KEEP YOUR LEFT UP, DIXON! STOP BACK-TRACKIN'! DRIVE IN!

PANT... YES... PANT... SIR...

YOU LISTEN TO THE PLAT COLES SCRAPPING ON THE CANVAS... LISTEN TO THE GRUNTS AND GAINS OF THE TWO MEN ABOVE YOU AS THE GLOVES LAND... AND IT MEANS ONLY ONE THING TO YOU, JOE WILEY... MONEY! MONEY! FOR FI FOR...

OKAY, DIXON! GRAB A SHOWER AND SEE ME IN MY OFFICE!

YES, SIR!

FOR THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, JOE WILEY! A FLESH-PEDDLER! AN AGENT FOR VIOLENCE... A SELLER OF YOUTH FOR PUNISHMENT...

WELL, MR WILEY! HOW DID I LOOK? AM I GOOD ENOUGH?

NOT GOOD, DIXON! NOT BAD, EITHER! YOU'LL NEED PLENTY OF TRAINING! PLENTY!

YOU MEAN YOU'LL TAKE ME ON, MR. WILEY?

YEAH... I'LL CHANGE IT, DIXON ONE THING THOUGH! ONE THING ABOUT THIS FIGHT RACKET! THERE'S NO PLACE IN THE RING FOR A GUY WITH NO BUTS!

I... I GET IT, MR. WILEY!

YOU GOT TO HAVE BUTS TO BE A FIGHTER, DIXON! JUST REMEMBER THAT!

SURE A KID'S GOT TO HAVE BUTS TO BE A FIGHTER, JOE WILEY! ESPECIALLY IF HE WORKS FOR YOU! BECAUSE YOU'RE JUST INTERESTED IN ONE THING! THE BOOK! THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR!

YOU SURE YOUR BOY'S GOOD ENOUGH, WILEY? MURPHY'S A TOUGH NUT?

JUST BOOK THE FIGHT, BAK! MY BOY'LL PUT UP A GOOD SHOW!

YES, HE'S GOT TO HAVE BUTS, JOE WILEY! BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO RUN HIM DOWN, PUT HIM IN WITH BOYS THAT CAN OUTGLASS HIM. FIGHT HIM TWICE A WEEK... SUCH EVERY FINE YOU CAN GET...

MURPHY'S TOM MURPHY? WHY, HE'S A LEADING CONTENDER, MR WILEY!

S'MATTER, DIXON? LOSE YOUR NERVE? YOU WANT TO HIT THE BIG TIME, DON'T YOU?

IT'S *EASY*! ISN'T IT, JOE WILEY? *EVERY* TOP-ROUNDER IN THE BACKET LIKES A *PUSHOVER* ONCE IN A WHILE! IT'S *EASY MONEY* FOR HIM! SO YOU SUPPLY THE *SUCKERS*. EN, JOE! AND IT'S *EASY MONEY* FOR YOU.

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE *SEMI-FINAL* ATTRACTION... IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING 164 POUNDS... TOM MURPHY! AND IN THIS CORNER... AT 103... *HERBY DIXON!*

REMEMBER, KID! KEEP YOUR LEFT UP!

THEN THE *MURDER* BEGINS. DOESN'T IT, JOE? THE KID IS *RAW*. AND MURPHY IS *AND-WISE*? YES... IT'S *MURDER*! ALL RIGHT. *MURDER* FOR *DIXON*! YOUR *LATEST* BOY.

MURPHY IS REALLY OVERPOWERING THIS NEWCOMER, FOLKS! IT LOOKS LIKE *DIXON* WON'T LAST ANOTHER ROUND.



BETWEEN THE ROUNDS YOU FIX THE KID UP! CLOSE HIS CUTS, SWAB HIS LACERATIONS, TALK TO HIM.

HE'S TOO GOOD FOR... *SAGG*, MR. JOE! YOU... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE... PUT ME IN... AGAINST HIM.

I'M MATTER! GOT NO *ROTTS*? THINK OF THE *DOODS*! THINK OF YOUR *KID BROTHER*!

AND THEN THE *MURDER* BEGINS AGAIN! YOUR BOY IS TAKING *PUNISHMENT*, JOE! *PAINFUL* PUNISHMENT! BUT DOES IT BOTHER HIM?

YOUR BOY WON'T LAST ANOTHER ROUND, JOE!

WARRA SET? FIFTY SAYS HE DOES ANOTHER.

NO, JOE WILEY! IT'S THE *DOODS* THAT BOTHERS YOU! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN! BUT WHEN THOSE PUNCHES ARE GOING TO THE *DOGS* KID'S FACE... TO HIS *BRAIN*? NO? IT'S *HOW MUCH* YOU CAN *TAKE*...

HE'S DOWN, FOLKS! *DIXON* IS DOWN!

GET UP, KID! GET UP!



9...10... YOU'RE *OUT*!

FIFTY BUCKS, JOE! PAY OFF!

BLASTED *CRUM-DOOM*!



YOU'RE *SORE*, AREN'T YOU, JOE? YOU LOST FIFTY BUCKS! THE KID COULDN'T TAKE IT! YOU TELL HIM OFF, DON'T YOU.

I SAID YOU'RE *THROTTLED*! *WARRA*! GET YOURSELF A NEW MAN, AGENT! I DON'T HANDLE *FELLOW-BELLIES*... *CRUMS* WITH NO *OUTS*!

HE... HE WAS TOO GOOD FOR ME, JOE! I... I NEEDED MORE *EXPERIENCE*!



AND THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES, EH, JOE? ONE AFTER THE OTHER THEY COME AND GO! THE *SHOCKERS*! THE *POORDEVILS*! THE *UNKNOWN*! TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH! SOME OF THEM SHOW PROMISE! SOME DON'T! BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU... DOES IT, JOE WILEY?

I GOT YOU A FIGHT, COLBY! IT'S A GOOD BREAK! NEXT WEEK!

GEE, MR. WILEY! YOU'RE SWEET!



YOU FIGHT ERNIE MAXWELL?

WHY? MAXWELL? BUT HE'S GONNA BE THE NEXT CHAMPION!



S' MATTER, KID? YOU YELLO? GOT NO BUTS?

GEE, MR. WILEY! ERNIE MAXWELL...



AND IF YOU BEAT HIM, KID? THINK WHAT IT WILL MEAN! YOU'LL BE FIGHTIN' IN THE GARDEN, NEXT!

GEE? I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!



YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU, KID? YOU'LL GO FAR! MAXWELL'S A HEADLINER! THE FIGHT PAYS BIG MONEY!

I SURE COULD USE IT, MR. WILEY!



IMPRESSIVE RECORDS LOOK GOOD WHEN A FIGHTER'S NEARING THE TOP RUNG OF THE LADDER TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP, EH, JOE? AND YOU PEOPLE THOSE IMPRESSIVE RECORDS. YOU SUPPLY THOSE "EASY WINS"...

WEIGHING IN? ERNIE MAXWELL! AND IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING IN, JERRY COLBY...

JUST THE MAN UP, KID! HE'S HOTTER IN THE IN-FIGHTING!



SO THE MURDER BEGINS AGAIN, EH, JOE? MAXWELL... CHAMPIONSHIP MATERIAL. NEEDING WINS. NEEDING TO KEEP HIS NAME BEFORE THE PUBLIC! AND YOUR BOY... COLBY, GREEN. INEXPERIENCED. HARDLY READY! YES, IT'S MURDER, JOE! BUT YOU'RE CASHING IN...

A 6-ROSE SAYS YOUR BOY DOESN'T LAST THREE ROUNDS, JOE!

YOUR ON, JOE?



SOMEBODY'S GOT TO LOSE, EH, JOE? THAT'S YOUR ATTITUDE ISN'T IT? SOMEBODY WINS... SOMEBODY LOSES! BUT EVEN IF YOUR BOY IS THE ONE THAT LOSES... YOU WIN...

YOU LOOK GOOD, BUT JUST KEEP ON THERE! THIS IS THE THIRD! JUST LAST THIS ONE!

I... BASH... I DON'T... BASH... THINK... I CAN TAKE... ANY MORE... JOE!

A G-NOTE, JOE? IF YOU LOSE IT, YOU'LL COME OUT BEHIND THIS TIME...

YOU GOT NO BUTTS? JUST STAY ON YOUR FEET ONE MORE ROUND... THAT'S ALL! ONE MORE!

I'LL... SOB... TRY...

YOU SHAME HIM INTO IT, DON'T YOU, JOE? YOU CALL HIM NAMES... INSULT HIM... PUSH HIM... THREATEN HIM? AND HE GOES IN THERE... TAKING IT... FOR YOU...

HE'S GOIN' FART! COLLEY! THAT'S A G-NOTE! BUT THE BELL SAVED HIM! A G-NOTE... LOU? NOT YET, WILEY!

THAT'S RIGHT, JOE! YOU HAVEN'T WON YET! COLLEY'S GOT TO COME OUT FOR THE FOURTH IN ORDER FOR YOU TO COLLECT! YOU WORK OVER HIM FEVERISHLY...

COLLEY! G-MAN! SHOW 'EM YOU GOT BUTTS! ONE MORE ROUND!

MOTHER! SOB... DON'T SPARE ME! SOB... SOB... I'LL BE GOOD!



YOU'RE TOO BUSY STUFFING THE HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL IN YOUR WALLET, JOE WILEY! YOU DON'T EVEN SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOUR BOY...

MAXWELL LANDS A GIDDERING RIGHT A MURDEROUS LEFT ANOTHER RIGHT AND ANOTHER! COLLEY IS OUT ON HIS FEET!



HE'S FUMING! EH, JOE? HE'S UP QUEEN STREET? YOU OUGHT TO THROW IN THE TOWEL! BUT THAT G-NOTE! YOU'LL LOSE IT! SO YOU SHOVE HIM OFF THE STOOL AS THE BELL RINGS...

AND HERE'S THE FOURTH FOLLOWS! COLLEY STAMMERS OUT OF HIS CORNER! HIS EYES ARE GLASSY...

GRAY, LOU! YOU'RE HAND IT OVER! WILEY! HE ANSWERED WILEY! THE FOURTH! HERE!



YOU LOOK UP IN TIME TO SEE YOUR BOY GO DOWN...

S... O... YOU'RE OUT!

SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR! THAT KID'S HURT!



YOU WATCH QUIETLY, JOE WILEY, AS THE DOCTOR KNEELS OVER HIM, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

THIS MAN IS DEAD!



YES, JOE WILEY? JERRY CORRY IS DEAD? YOU KILLED HIM - FOR A LOOSE 5-ROTF? NOW CHIEF AS A MAN'S LIFE TO YOU!

YOU BAST MR. WILEY!

WELL, DIXON? COME IN!



I HEARD ABOUT GOLF, MR. WILEY! IT'S TOO BAD!

HAH, HE WAS A GRIM! DIDN'T HAVE ANY RUFFS!



YOU'LL NEED A NEW BOY FROM, MR. WILEY? I WAS THINKIN'...

YOU, DIXON? HAH! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU AIN'T GOT ANY RUFFS, EITHER!



I'VE CHANGED, MR. WILEY! GIVE ME A CHANCE! I'M NOT AFRAID, NOW! GIVE ME A BREAK! MY BROTHER...

DON'T GIVE ME THAT 'BROTHER IN MED SCHOOL' ROUTINE, DIXON! JUST SHOW UP AT THE GYM TOMORROW!



YOU MEAN YOU'LL TAKE ME ON BRAIN? SEE! THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! NOW ABOUT A DRINK, MR. WILEY? I'LL POOF 'EM!

I COULD USE ONE! OKAY! THE BOTTLE'S IN THE CABINET! THERE!



YOU'RE TOO RUSHY TO NOTICE GOLF PUTTING THAT POWDER INTO YOUR DRINK, JOE! YOU'RE TOO RUSHY FIGURING OUT YOUR NEXT MOVE WITH THIS MONEY-MAKER...





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